

AN EPIDEMIC

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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"I have my opinion," Mrs. March said impressively, "of folks that don't know no more'n to take a candy pull. You don't go to it, Louisa; not one step. I've brought you up genteel and genteel you've got to stay while you stay with me and your pa."

"H'm! That's likely to be always, the didoes you cut up," her spinster sister-in-law, Miss Mary-Bet, sniffed. "Patience knows, if I had a girl like Louisa, a crowd'n on twenty-one, and four more a crowd'n her, I'd be glad and thankful of any chance to show her off. And I'd like to have you tell me what there is against a candy pull? Dear knows, I've seen better'n you at 'em and havin' a mighty good time."

Miss Mary-Bet had "meant," hence her outspoken. Squire March had charged his wife never to argue with her. Therefore that lady contented herself with a mild retort.

"I can't say as it's real sinful, unless they mean to have playin' afterward. And I hope you don't think I hold with them kissin' games."

"I don't know but you'd better," Miss Mary-Bet said ruminatively. "I say let Louisa go, and Mary-Bet and Sally too."

"My! That would be a team of Marches," Mrs. March said, drawing down the corners of her mouth.

Miss Mary-Bet got up decisively. "There's goin' to be four Marches," she announced. "I'm goin' myself. I know the Petereses would 'a' asked me if they hadn't thought it wasn't worth while. And I'm goin' to take my nieces and buy 'em a new frock and ribbons and shoes. Don't you say a word, Hannah! One old maid in the family is more'n enough."

Mrs. March gasped; she was past speech. Miss Mary-Bet was commonly so close with her money her present liberal mind was in the nature of a miracle. But if she repented it she held fast to her word and trotted off a week later to the Petereses in the highest possible feather.

Louisa was gorgeous in a plaid frock—green, blue and purple; Mary-Bet junior sported a scarlet delaine, and little Sally, a yellow haired fairy who

most eligible of the widowers had shown symptoms of wavering whenever he found himself in Mary-Bet junior's vicinage—he was under thirty.

If Louisa had the bad taste to prefer one of the others, Miss Mary-Bet reflected, the wandering and wavering might be turned to account. Henry May could hardly be called a real widower—he had but married his sweetheart on her deathbed for the privilege of soothing her last fevered hours. That was five years back, so he had been wonderfully constant. It was only this last year that he had been seen anywhere but at church.

Sally's blue eyes were still those of a child—at least to the casual glance. Looking to their depths, there was something more. Sally had light, small feet and moved like thistledown in summer slips. When the playing began she was the star. She had not shone in the candy pulling; it was hard work, and, besides, she hated her pulling partner, Sandy Roberts. It made her almost sick to touch hands with him in the folding of their candy skeels. After the first time she had let go the candy, thereby giving Sandy a fall or so. He meant to get even with her in the playing by choosing her out of the very first ring and kissing her not once, but many times.

Possibly Sally suspected as much. Certainly she fought shy of any ring where he stood up. Since he was a fine singer and a ready leader, that cut her out of many things, but she did not very much mind. Silas Venn, the oldest and staidest of the widowers, somehow took her under his protection and saw to it that she was not lonesome. Miss Mary-Bet chuckled to see it.

"Thinks he's same as in the family and bein' good to little Sis," she said to herself, adding after a breath, "but, unless I miss my guess, he's goin' to get the sack. Louisa looks like she plum' wropped up in John Trotter; he's been tellin' her all about the circus he's went to ever since the call come to pull candy."

Evidently John was much flattered. He talked on and on through "Swing Old Liza," through "Mister Bluster," through "Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley" and to the beginnings of "Snap."

"Snap" forbids conversation, albeit it is destitute of singing. Louisa was a beautiful runner, a swift and sure catcher. What need to add that she was ruthlessly snapped on to the floor almost as soon as ever she sat down?

Sandy Roberts, in especial, got her out whenever he could, and since he was the life of the game that was very often. But when, in the course of play, she became part of the stump, he thought it would be great sport to get himself irregularly the pursuer of Sally. He caught her, of course, although she made him pant for it, and would not let her go until he had given her a resounding smack. The next minute he measured his length on the rag carpet. Silas Venn's fist had sent him there, and Silas himself stood over him with eyes that said plainly, "Come outside and settle it."

Then something happened; something to talk about for at least a generation. Louisa, the meek and mild, the gentlest creature living, flew at Silas in a rage, shook him hard and whirled him aside, then stooped over the prostrate Sandy.

half sobbing: "If—if he hurt you, I'll kill him! Get up, Sandy, darlin'. I don't care who knows now."

Sandy rose to his feet, to the occasion. "There's a mix got to be straightened up, folks," he said, catching tight hold of Louisa's hand. "We're goin' to marry next week, if we have to run away. I've been waitin' and waitin' till she said I might tell the old folks. They don't like me, but they'll have to lump me."

"Sandy, I beg your pardon! Shake! I thought you were after somebody else," Silas Venn said joyously, edging to Sally's side. "I'm goin' to speak out, too," she said. "If Sally won't have me I'll stay a lone widower till the end o' my days. How is it, little gal?"

"Humph! Look at her face. She's been lovin' you since she saw you cry so at your wife's buryin'." Mary-Bet junior, the irrepressible, broke in. "And I ain't ashamed to say I've loved Henry just as long. He—he's just now found it out. But it's all comin' right!"

"Except for me," John Trotter interrupted, crestfallen.

John was thirty-seven, if he did admit to only thirty-three. He had, moreover, a flock of girl children. That was why Louisa had been set down so much his special benefaction. He looked speculatively at Miss Mary-Bet. After all, she didn't show the five years between them.

"I wonder if you'd look at a fellow my size and shape," he murmured under breath.

Miss Mary-Bet shook her head at him, but said in his own key: "It must be marryin' is catchin', same as measles. Come, and let's talk it over some other time."

What is an Abrash?

This question is answered in a most interesting manner by George Leland Hunter in an article entitled "The Truth About 'Doctored' Rugs" in Country Life in America. He writes: "Abrash is a most interesting word. In Persia if father, son and grandson have Roman noses, then a Roman nose is the abrash of that family. If gluttony is characteristic of generation after generation, then is gluttony the hereditary abrash. If it is a strawberry mark on the left shoulder, then the strawberry mark is an abrash. The abrases of a rug are the stripes or bands that run parallel or entirely across the pile. When seen for the first time by Americans accustomed to admire and insist on the deathlike uniformity that characterizes machine products abrases are apt to impress them as defects, particularly if wide. It takes experience and acquaintance with the art industries to grasp completely the significance and artistic value of individuality."

Going to Luncheon.

How a man goes: Glances at the clock, drops his pen, jumps from his chair, grabs his hat, bolts for the door, says briefly, "Going to lunch," and is gone. Time, one-half minute.

How a woman goes: Glances at the clock. Wipes her pen carefully and places it in the pen tray. Arranges papers neatly on her desk. Goes to the mirror. Removes four or five combs, as many pins and possibly unties a bow from her hair. Combs up her pompadour, puffs out the sides, combs up the scolding locks, replaces bow, pins and combs, then surveys result with hand mirror. Washes her hands and cleans her nails. Dabs the powder rag over her face to remove "that shiny look." Applies whisk broom to dress. Puts on hat and thrusts into it five long hatpins. Consults hand mirror again. Puts on veil. Uses hand mirror once more. Investigates sundry fancy pins at back of neck and belt. Pulls on gloves. Gets her parasol. Gives one more look in the mirror and goes. Time—depends on the woman and the length of her gloves, but anywhere from twenty minutes to half an hour.—New York Press.

Old English Coal Records.

There is a record, dated 832, of the receipt of twelve cartloads of fossil coal at the abbey of Peterborough, and this was assuredly not the first case of production and delivery.

The deeds of the bishopric of Durham contain records of grants of land to colliers as far back as 1180 in various parts of the county. In the year 1233 a charter was granted by Henry III. to the freemen of Newcastle-on-Tyne to dig coal in the fields belonging to the castle, and it was in or about this year that coal was first sent to London. Very early in the fourteenth century evidence abounds of a large consumption of coal by smiths, brewers and others. Already the smoke nuisance appeared, and a commission of Edward I. levied fines to prevent it.

A Wedding Invitation.

Mr. Black regrets that he must impart the information that he can't accept with Miss White's kind invitation. Candidly he must avoid. Rising being thought unpleasant. That his means do not allow of the purchase of a present.

Mr. Black, too, would remind Mrs. White, without evasion, that they've met, through fate unkind, only upon one occasion. As for the prospective bride, her no doubt delightful daughter, if her form he'd ever eyed something he perhaps had brought her.

Mr. Black must, therefore, state, taking all things in conjunction, that he can't participate in this fashionable function. He is neither millionaire nor a dog inclined to manglers; he's just one who cannot spare charities for perfect strangers. —London Tribune

Breezy Paragraphs From the Kicker

A Political Discussion That Came Near Ending in Murder.

[Copyright, 1906, by Eugene Parcells.]

MR. JIM HELLSO (who is ourself) wishes the Kicker to deny in the most vigorous language that he is thinking of resigning his position as postmaster of this gulch. He dies now and then, but he never resigns.

Mr. Jim Hellslo (who is ourself) paid a short visit to Denver last week and did not blow out the gas.

Mr. Jim Hellslo (who is ourself) blew down the barrel of a new shotgun on exhibition at Kramer's the other day. It wasn't loaded.

Mr. Jim Hellslo (who is ourself) informs us that alterations and improvements to the Hellslo Opera House will cost \$2,000. One hundred pounds of lead was dug out of the ceiling last week.

Mr. Jim Hellslo (who is ourself) has asked the Kicker to deny in thunderous tones that he contemplates organizing a wild west show and taking the road next summer in opposition to Buffalo William. His show has been right here in Giveadam Gulch for the last eight years.

It is quite true that the editor of the Kicker and the governor of the territory met at Florence the other day and had a long and confidential talk, but there is not a grain of truth in the statement that they played poker for ten hours on a stretch and that the result was bad for the governor. We and the governor were on our dignity all the time. Had he suggested poker we should have discouraged the idea.

Colonel Joe Skelly of the Big 4 ranch informs us that he felt and counted ninety-eight distinct shocks of an earthquake last Sunday. We have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing Colonel Joe a liar. If he was sober enough to feel or hear anything it was one of his old mules rolling on the grass.

Edward Jones and Peter Howard, both of this town, met on the street last Sunday and resumed a political discussion, with the result that guns were drawn and ten shots fired. No one was killed, no one wounded. The



TEN SHOTS FIRED.

men stood and looked at each other in astonishment for a moment after the firing and then each ran in the opposite direction. Oh, yes; Arizona will be admitted to the Union, when the robins nest again!

There is neither law nor ordinance in this whole territory against speeding automobiles. They can skip along at a rate of 100 miles an hour. On the contrary, there is no law against any citizen taking a pop at a chauffeur with his gun if he feels so minded, and he is pretty sure to feel that way. If you own an auto and are looking for a paradise, come this way and get a free burial.

A Chicago man who was looking for real estate in this locality went over to Lone Jack the other day to buy a large block of town lots. On visiting the graveyard he found that only twenty-one people had died in three years. He did not buy. He realized that a town that couldn't do better than that was a slow town and had no future.

We understand that certain members of the only church choir in Giveadam Gulch object to our leading the singing because we play poker, own a race horse and a fighting dog and take a nip with the boys occasionally. We don't suppose it is exactly according to the eternal fitness of things, but until society has safely passed through the chaotic state and can stand alone we shall stick to our singing job and back it up with two guns. Meanwhile we shall sing with ardor and with as much reverence as we can.

At the last meeting of the common council Alderman Adams offered a resolution that the name Giveadam Gulch be changed to Crescent City. Such names as Roost High, Last Stop, Angel's

APPEARANCES

Often a person is sized up by his appearance; by the tone that surrounds him. And more often a business house is sized up by the stationery it uses. A cheap letter head or a poor bill head gives a mighty poor first impression and makes business harder to transact. Good printing costs no more than poor printing. The first impression is half the battle in business. You wouldn't employ a "sloppy" salesman; why put up with "sloppy" stationery, that gives a wrong impression of the importance of your business. Let us do your printing and help you to make that ten strike.

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Rest and Hell Bent were substituted, but all were voted down, and the alderman finally withdrew his motion. Giveadam Gulch it was and always

will be. There is nothing euphonious or lingering about the names Denver, Omaha, Buffalo, New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, but when you come to Giveadam Gulch you pause and think and remember.

The editor of the Utah Weekly Monitor, wishing to emulate us and become famous at Teheran and other places, drew a gun on a stranger the other day and made arrangements to start a private graveyard. His machinery skipped a cog, however. He received two bullets in the body, and the doctor says he may not pull through. The imitator seldom succeeds.

The Blue Hills Banner calls us the Caesar of Arizona. Thanks! We have seized about everything in sight that promised to be a good thing, and have let go of nothing. We started out to take care of ourself, and the editors now in the posthouse needn't walk down to the gate to look for our coming. M. QUAD.

Wounds, Bruises and Burns.

By applying an antiseptic dressing to wounds, bruises, burns and like injuries before inflammation sets in, they may be healed without maturation and in about one-third the time required by the old treatment. This is the greatest discovery and triumph of modern surgery. Chamberlain's Pain Balm acts on this same principle. It is an anti-septic and when applied to such injuries, causes them to heal very quickly. It also allays the pain and soreness, and prevents any danger of blood poisoning. Keep a bottle of Pain Balm in your home and it will save you time and money, not to mention the inconvenience and suffering such injuries entail. For sale by Frank Frank and leading druggists.

The average young woman of today is busy. Beauty is only another name for health, and it comes to 99 out of every 100 who take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Tea or Tablets, 35 cents. For sale by Frank Hart.



THE NEXT MINUTE HE MEASURED HIS LENGTH ON THE CARPET.

looked like a changeling among her high colored brunette sisters, was in robin egg with little reliefs of white.

Miss Mary-Bet herself was a picture of elegance in a span new black silk. Mrs. March declared it was tempting providence to wear such a thing where molasses candy was so to abound, but Miss Mary-Bet had only tossed her head and marched off with it something higher than usual.

She was rising forty, also fat and fair. Her sharp tongue and masterful ways had kept men rather in awe of her. Now that youth was past she began to see that the world wagged mainly for married folk, so she had made up her mind to marry off her nieces out of hand in spite of their mother.

Louisa was not much of a problem. She was so kindly and sweet spirited, withal so much a born economist, at least three personable widowers were thought to be on tenterhooks about her, each waiting the lucky chance that would let him speak his wish. All of them would be at the candy pull, and each should have his chance.

"Miss Mary-Bet had cautioned Louisa not to be precipitate. "Don't let any man have it to throw up to you that you couldn't get anybody else," she had said. "You jest listen to all of 'em and say you jester have time to make up your mind. Then you can take your pick. Shucks, don't tell me you won't get it! You'd 'a' been married long ago if your ma'd had the sense of a goose. She's kept you tied right to her apron string and never let anybody name courtin' that she wasn't right there to stop the whole thing."

Mary-Bet junior was a handfull ever, without the red frock. Her godmother was none too fond of her—they were too nearly off the same piece. The

WOMEN'S NEGLECT

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How many women do you know who are perfectly well and strong? We hear every day the same story over and over again. "I do not feel well; I am so tired all the time!"



More than likely you speak the same words yourself, and no doubt you feel far from well. The cause may be easily traced to some derangement of the female organs which manifests itself in depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere or do anything, backache, bearing-down pains, flatulency, nervousness, sleeplessness, or other female weakness.

These symptoms are but warnings that there is danger ahead, and unless heeded a life of suffering or a serious operation is the inevitable result.

The never-failing remedy for all these symptoms is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Miss Kate McDonald of Woodbridge, N. J., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham: Restored health has meant so much to me that I cannot help from telling about it for the sake of other suffering women.

"For a long time I suffered untold agony with a female trouble and irregularities, which made me a physical wreck, and no one thought I would recover, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has entirely cured me, and made me well and strong, and I feel it my duty to tell other suffering women what a splendid medicine it is."

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